



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LH
1
Y2
L7

B483.008 B

STORAGE
T1w

VOL. XXI.

No. II.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata iuveni, nomen laudisque Yaleense
Continuit Socraticis, unanimumque Patres."

NOVEMBER, 1855.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MDCCCLV.

CONTENTS.

Ornamental Cemeteries,	43
Mr. McCreed's Congregation, and their Neighbors,	50
Carmen Seculare,	54
YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY:	
Science: its Nature and Influence,	56
The Three Advertisements,	65
The Future Land,	74
The Comus of Milton,	75
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA,	81
Berkeley Premiums,	81
Prizes for Solution of Mathematical Problems,	81
Obituary Record of Yale Alumni, for the Year 1854-5,	82
EDITOR'S TABLE,	83
Notice to Contributors,	84
THE AWARD,	84

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY,

W. H. W. CAMPBELL,

J. M. BROWN,

H. DU BOIS,

L. C. FISCHER.

Ornamental Cemeteries.

THE custom of moving the dead from the sight of the living is an instinct of our nature. No race of beings has ever been found so cold and dead to human feeling as utterly to neglect it; and so universally is this regard for the departed esteemed and admired, that the decoration of Cemeteries has come to be a true criterion of national taste and refinement. In our own country, until within a few years, a just reproach has been cast upon cemeteries and burial places. The American mind has not, until lately, been turned into channels for the improvement of taste, being absorbed in the attainment of more sordid and parsimonious ends. Boston was the first to discern this want of refinement; afterward New York, and the "City of Penn;" and now it has come, that almost every village and church in the older districts has caught the spirit of progress, and has laid out places of sepulture, suitable to perpetuate the memory of the departed, and to convey instructive lessons to the living.

It is with pleasure we witness these tokens of improvement, for to us the graveyard has ever been replete with pleasing, though melancholy

VOL. XXI. 4

reflections. We turn instinctively to the grave as an appropriate spot to worship the God of the living and the dead. It was in probing for this inexplicable law of our nature, that one of the earliest of Grecian poets inquired,

“Why do we precious ointments shower,
Noble wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread
Upon the monuments of the dead!”

This sentiment has still a living and growing existence in the hearts of all. Human feeling still delights to linger at the grave of a dear departed friend, to enwreath the rising mound with the emblem buds of affection, and to implant the cypress and the cedar, memorials that “the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue.” And this employment, while it affords a panacea for wounded affection, fits for a more successful battle with the adversities of life.

We have said it is an instinct of our nature to bury the dead out of our sight. Accordingly we find, even among the relics of barbarism, traces of sepulchral rites conjoined with sacred rituals. The first manifestations of art, the first outward expression of feeling, are found among these memorials of the departed. The rudest primeval tribes displayed their taste in selecting as burial-spots, places adorned by the handiwork of nature, quiet groves, the banks of meandering streams, caverns, and grottos of the earth. In the wilds of America, where do we look for the cairn of the homeless Indian, more than in these spots, which the hand of art loves to desolate?

We notice, as the first mark of progressive refinement in burials, the introduction of the *spirit of association*. We can imagine no nation more crude or degenerate than that which leaves scattered broadcast over the land, the remains of its ancestry. The rudest antediluvian tribes were seldom guilty of so gross a violation of decency: and the custom still exists only among the Nomadic tribes of middle and southern Africa. On the contrary, we early find, especially where Christianity sheds its light, a desire for united *family* burial-places. The patriarch Jacob first embodied this sentiment in these words of Scriptural elegance and beauty. “Bury me not, I pray thee, bury me not in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place.” Though

“Neighbors in the grave,
Lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names,”

who would not prefer being gathered with his fathers to a final home on the desert or beneath the ocean? We can think of no more suggestive theme than a country family burial-spot, in some remote and secluded corner. There stands the aged patriarch's monument, towering far above the rest—his descendants, to their children's children, are gathered about him—they all bear the same name—there is no intruding grave, which the mourners may not recognize.

As patriarchal government gave way, and the church enlarged her influence and domain there arose naturally enough, a disposition to inter beneath, and more lately, in the vicinity of *places of worship*. And, I confess, there seems no little propriety, in those of the same faith and creed together abiding a hopeful resurrection, in the same churchyard. It smacks, undoubtedly, somewhat of sectarianism—too much perhaps, for the charity of these later times, which much prefers the more philanthropic custom of *common* burying-places or *Cemeteries*.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of our own New Haven Cemetery is its simplicity. It has been a matter of surprise to us, that this cardinal ornament should have been so little regarded in graveyard decoration. In this, as in other arts, we copy too much the ancients. Their elysiums were earthly paradises,—what wonder they mimicked then in their sainted abodes? But the purity and simplicity of the Christian religion discards such pomp and tinsel. How repulsive to every refined feeling is the idea that vainglory or ostentation should receive gratification from these memorials of bereaved affection! None will deny that natural scenery and beauty, as well as artificial decoration, should tend *only to deepen the appropriate sacredness and solemnity of the chambers of death*. But how little has this universal rule been regarded. Elegant Pere la Chaise, of Paris, has been decked with the fantasy peculiar to the French,—more appropriate for a ball room, or theatre, than a place of graves. Venerable Westminster, Laurel Hill, Mount Auburn, and the new but glittering Greenwood, are all ornamented, we fear, more by pride or fashion, or ambition, than with any just taste and sense of propriety.

Sadly is this deficiency seen in the selection of localities. An eminence is chosen—overlooking landscapes, water-scenes, and the turmoil of city life. As though the fancy of the dead could yet be gratified, or affection there *seclude* her haunt and shed her tears in *solitude*. Their decoration, too, shows but little improvement. What religious impression the artificial lakes with romantic names, which Greenwood glories

in, or its showy flower-beds, with pinks and dandelions, can produce, is far beyond our discernment. Nor would we pass unnoticed its entrance or enclosure, for they seem to us singularly suggestive. The former,—built in pseudo-Gothic style, with a cottage on either side, resembles more a porter's lodge to the grounds and mansion of some grand old English baron, or a toll-gate on some eastern turnpike, where from its situation, we might expect St. Peter, with his rusty keys, to appear,—than an appropriate introduction into the "city of the dead." Its enclosure is in a sad state of reparation, affording numerous loopholes for street nuisances to creep through, and destroy its finery. Vaults were long ago scouted by all people of good breeding and sensibility;—yet we think we are safe in saying, that one half the dead of Greenwood are now mouldering in these modern Charnel-houses. Grates are used as ventilators!—much to the annoyance of the neighborhood.

New Haven, on the contrary, has been so choice of the appropriate sacredness and seclusion, that she has surrounded her cemetery with a massive wall and iron paling; and directly within the entrance, has located a clump of evergreens:—to exclude effectually the vulgar gaze. Its entrance, certainly, needs no encomium of ours;—none ever passed its sacred threshold, without feeling deeply his own mortality and insignificance. We do not, however, vaunt our own as a perfect model—nor would we, in the least, extenuate its defects, which cannot escape a critical eye. Its unshorn grass, and a general appearance of neglect, illy detract from the air of sanctitude and reverence, which would otherwise pervade its sacred grounds. It abounds, too, in high iron fences, which surround, at exclusive distances, some of its most worthy monuments; this, to us, seems uncalled for and repulsive. An appearance of nakedness, and the stiffness and angularity of its walks might, with propriety, have been avoided.

Nor would we be understood as desiring to exclude all ornamental shrubbery and coppice. The rose, the ivy, and the eglantine,

"Those token flowers that tell
What words could never speak so well,"

meek mementos of man's frailty and dependence, should never be wanting. All flowering shrubs should, if possible, be hardy climbers; if not let them be spontaneous, and of perennial growth. We know, there is a seeming propriety in vines and shrubbery, symbolizing by their yearly decay and renovation, death and the resurrection;—but all nature is

an emblem of this,—and it illy recompenses for the dwarfed and stunted appearance it must give. Who desires, either, to see a cemetery made over every spring, as a nursery, or flower garden! The principle we have proposed, perfected by time, is what gives to the sacred grounds of England, their venerable appearance. And unless American Cemeteries are decorated by some such rule, time will never wreath them such a coronet, though he grow grey-headed in the attempt.

Trees too, shut out the barrenness and nakedness natural to such a place;—but let the selections be few, and the variety choice—such as by their dark foliage and gloomy appearance, or as suggestive emblems, throw the mind into a serious and meditative state. For all must object to converting a cemetery into a flora or arboretum. The yew, the cypress, and the weeping-willow have ever been considered most appropriate. And the elm, of Grecian song, so indigenous to our climate, would be a crowning ornament to our cemetery, as it is to our city. Were I to mention evergreens,—’twould but lengthen the encomium of our own, and the sad story of Greewood. Surely the decorators of the latter have forgotten, that

“The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair,
As those in royal gardens bred.”

Monuments, by their purity and whiteness, and the suggestive nature of their epitaphs, constitute almost the sum total of grave-yard solemnity;—they have indeed a much holier purpose, and as expressions of individual affection and mementos of departed worth should be criticised with delicacy. The rules we have proposed for general decoration, apply here, if possible, with still greater force. But *variety* should be preserved—for monotony here, would be a sad comment on the resources of art, as well as a proof of the absence of taste and feeling. Let, however, artificialness and studied expression both in tombstones and epitaphs be carefully avoided, for the representation of genuine affection are simple and natural. *Let not attention be unduly excited by boastful monuments of the unknown,—and let the great and good be commemorated by appropriate testimonials of their worth.*

Nor do we join in the violent tirade of modern essayists against complimentary epitaphs. If the deceased was not possessed of *one* memorable virtue—let blank silence be preserved; or let a solemn warning be inscribed for the passer by. Who desires to see human failings perpet-

uated over the grave of their possessor! "*Man wars not with the dead!*" It is a *trait* of human nature, for which I love it." Here, as elsewhere, let a discriminating taste and a becoming modesty, associated with a correct idea of the proprieties of the place and the occasion, be the guides.

The moral effect of a cemetery, thus laid out and ornamented, especially in the vicinity of a mammon-serving and tumultuous city, cannot well be overrated. Its solemn aisles are frequented by many who never seek elsewhere the temple of God. And though the giddy may prattle, and the sentimental pluck rose-buds for their fair ones—the white monument will still stand by their side, and death be their constant companion. As one enters such a place, a feeling steels over him, not unlike that which the traveler experiences as he gazes upon the mouldering shrines and cathedrals of some city of the past, whose memory is almost obliterated;—the impression indeed is deeper, and the suggestions more personal. At the close of day, or during the quiet hours of the Sabbath, I delight to wander among its ghostly mausoleums, to view the unsleeping green of nature, standing in solemn vigil over the last resting place of the immortal soul. As I gaze upon the obelisks of the wealthy, I reflect with sorrow upon the vanity and littleness of man,—as I walk by the monuments of the honored and loved, I am convinced that nothing can perpetuate our memories, but deeds of goodness and virtue; the quiet tombs of youthful beauty and loveliness remind me of the soul's immortality,—and the faded cenotaphs that commemorate the scattered dust of our ancestry, cause me to remember that the time is not far distant, when for us, too, shall "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken."

Mr. McCreed's Congregation, and their Neighbors.

"We are glad to learn that the elegant church erected a few months since, by the liberality of our fellow citizen, Mr. McCreed, is now filled with a large and fashionable congregation."

— GAZETTE.

LARGE and fashionable congregation! Yes, sir! You can have no adequate idea of the vast strides public piety has made since the erection of the new church. Why, in the mere externals, think a moment of the improvements you, yourself, have witnessed. The society of the

Rev. Mr. Chokes has followed close upon Mr. McCreed, and erected a grand edifice, all of stone, sir, of modest, plain looking stone—none of your gew-gaws of masonry about that church; but everything is simple and substantial—and then they have pointed it off with a glorious sprout of a spire, all of wood, and of a chocolate color. How much better than a dwarf tower of stone, (it is said to be five feet higher than Mr. McCreed's spire,) and what a superior color is chocolate to the white of Dr. Dulcimer's or the yellow of Dr. Sozzler's! And then the mullions of the great front windows—who could contrive such mouldings in stone as the ingenious carpenters have whittled out of the delicate pine! All for beauty and effect! And they are going to set up a new organ in Dr. Harmonne's church—a great noisy thing—and Mr. Triad, the well known artist, is to keep it in practice, by performing the wedding march on it for two hours each day. And you can see another graceful little church among the poplars—very beautiful indeed, except a little heaviness in the appearance of the inevitable wooden mullions.

Large congregation! Sir, the interest which Mr. McCreed takes in its progress—in which he is heartily seconded by the church which has gathered in the new house—is really edifying. Evening services have been established, and it would cause your heart to leap for joy, to see the throngs of young people that assemble to hear Dr. Dulcimer's best sermons. Some of the young men say “he throws himself particularly on these occasions,” but this is owing to their lack of polish. They wish to say that he preaches with unusual unction, or that his lips have been touched with an extra incandescent coal. The young men sit in the gallery, long rows of them, and you should see how they drink in every word of the sermon. Why, even the young ladies in the body of the house below, are touched by it, and many a joyful tear is wiped from their faces, by sympathetic handkerchiefs. Oh, sir, it is touching! “Young men and maidens,” all interested, and exhibiting such a mutual yearning for each others' well being! Could you behold the benignant glances and smiles of this youthful, happy congregation, your heart would swell within you and you would murmur “truly it is a good thing to go up unto the house of the Lord!”

You may have heard some cynic mutter “flirtations,” but he was slanderous, sir; he was more, he was almost impious. Flirtations in the house of God! And you may have heard an apparently irreverent shout from the gallery on a certain occasion, when the gas was suddenly extinguished. Did you know, sir, what that shout was? It was simply

an exhibition of feeling. Do not the Methodists shout? Yes, sir, they cry hallelujah, and they are full of feeling! So are the young men. Don't open a libelous mouth against these evening assemblies! They are popular, and the young people are warmed into sensibility and ardor.

Then there is the ragged school—you have heard of it, of course, everybody has. What is more suitable to awaken the interest of the young in the congregation, than by clustering their sympathies around some benevolent object? The ragged school is the object, sir. Here in delightful labor together meet the wit and beauty of the people. Here they toil and sow precious seed, and awaken a throng of moral associations, (which they keep up by occasional fruit festivals,) in the minds of those poor children—and after school they walk home together, with love and charity beaming from their countenances, and “hold sweet converse” as they go. “This is much better,” says Mr. Plumgudgeon, than distributing tracts all alone among the wretched and repulsive hovels on the outskirts, for here your heart is kept in tune by the skillful fingers of your fair associates.” Singular man, Mr. Plumgudgeon! And then he hums:

“Oh may my heart in tune be found,” &c.

and hurries away with his bundle of tracts.

Mr. McCreed has indulged the musical predilections of his congregation. Such a choir you don't hear every day. It is very much superior to the one at St. Cyprian's, although the latter is so famous. It is true that one of the public prints complained, a short time ago, of Mr. McCreed's choir, for presenting to the congregation a favorite air from Rosini's Stabat. Fudge on the public prints! What taste have they in the matter of church music? Would you have the *congregation* sing, and give out Nuremburg, and all such old tunes, on every occasion? “Mr. Wallers says yes, and his judgment is one of the best!” But Mr. Wallers is illiberal, and how shall he pass judgment on the style of Mr. McCreed's enlightened and artistic quartette? Yes, the choir does its part towards filling up the new church. But don't suppose that all this progress is confined to Dr. Dulcimer's congregation. No, you have already seen the emulation that has sprung up with regard to externals, and the same is true in every respect. That horrid Plumgudgeon insists on saying that the prayer of the people seems to be “oh, give us the loftiest spire and the largest congregation,” but he is crabbed and surly. Why, he, even though he is a tract distributor, ridicules “the Dorcas

institution for the aid of the Hottentots," where the young people meet to manufacture blankets, and talk of charity. What can you expect of such a man?

Large and *fashionable* congregation! Yes, sir! piety no longer creeps through back alleys to church, but it rolls along in its carriage. It is fashionable, sir, and wears silver slippers. It does not crouch in humble cottages, and shudder at the approach of footsteps, and hurry the cherished volume into a place of concealment. No, sir! It parades with book under arm—it frowns down its opponents and displays itself triumphantly in mansion and in mart. You don't expect it to cast down its eye as it sweeps into the new church. Oh, no! you hear a rustling and are suffocated with an odor that reminds you of the opera, where—reprobate as you are—you ventured last evening to seek a little enjoyment. Will you join the large and fashionable congregation in their devotions? There is nothing to pay, and anybody may enter and look at the spectacle. Don't use your opera glass—that is not the pattern here! If you have a delicate little article, such as you flourish on the steps of your hotel, you may stare to your eyes' content.

Mrs. Mitchingale, sir! How she spreads her newest style of sanctuary trimmings, and sails into her pew! How she gathers herself together, and composes herself, to listen to her "dear Mr. Dulcimer," while her grand bonnet comes down like an extinguisher upon the less extravagant piety of some of her neighbors. There is a score of Mrs. Mitchingales in the congregation. How refreshing, isn't it? to see the church patronized by such people! Miss Ouikhed, the fashionable belle! With what an air she comes out upon the floor! Her rivals, sir, and their attendant swarms! Silks and broadcloths, sir! This isn't like the "sheepskins and goatskins," is it? Oh, these happy days of public devotion!

How the congregation throng in! A fluttering, a tread of feet genteel and feet vulgar, a rattling of pew doors, an odor of vinaigrettes, bows of officious sextons, and all is over. The soldiers of the cross, all scarfed and plumed, are in their ranks, and the action commences. Large and fashionable! Oh, what a devotional feeling comes over the poor in their dwellings, as they hear of it! The men smoke their pipes in the doorway, and are glad that the church is so full, although there is no room for them. What a sympathy there is between those who worship God in the field, as they ramble about partaking of the fruits of the earth, and the occupants of the sleepy pews!

"How delightfully Dr. Dulcimer preached to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchingale, as Mr. Plumgudgeon was handing her to her carriage.

"Very," replied Mr. Plumgudgeon. "How superbly the Levites played, and what an elegant dance David executed before the ark!"

"What a strange genius you are, Mr. Plumgudgeon! You are as rude as Deacon Trott, who always smells so strongly of fish."

"Fish? yes, so Miss Ouikhed says. What a singular perfume the first disciples must have introduced into their meetings!"

"Why, Mr. Plumgudgeon!" The carriage rolled off, and he muttered, "Oh pride, pride! What would poor St. Peter do, if he should enter this church? He would not find an entrance to any pew, unless, perhaps, his Oriental dress gave him a distinguished foreign air. How did you like the sermon, Brother Trott?"

"Oh," replied the aged man, "I am getting old, and I don't understand all their fine ideas. I suppose it is all very good, but I can't get the bread of life from these sermons."

"How delightfully Dr. Dulcimer preaches!" Ah, yes! How he leads his people along towards the straight and narrow gate! 'Few there be that find it.'"

Carmen Sæculare.

Pææus, shining glory of the Heaven,
And Dian, queen of groves, to whom be given
Ever-wonted honors, O attend

The prayers we send,

At the sacred season, when the Sibylline
On youth and gentle maiden doth enjoin
To lift the choral hymn to Gods above,

Who the Seven Hills love.

Benignant sun, in whose resplendent car
The day doth enter and retire afar,
Thou other same! ne'er see, where'er thou come,

A mightier Rome.

Ilythia, to the ripe womb tender,
Be the toiling matron's kind defender,
Or wouldst thou we would thee Lucina hail as

Or Genitalia.

O Goddess, grant a long posterity,
 The Marital Decree prosperity—
 Whose fertile womb shall generate apace
 Another race;
 That song and game the years may bring again—
 Sure cycle of a century and ten—
 Where thrice the crowds by crystal day convene,
 And night serene.
 And ye, ye Fates, infallible to sing
 Whatever predetermined time shall bring,
 To former fortune be the future joined,
 A fate as kind.
 Let earth, prolific both in flock and field,
 A sheafy coronal to Ceres yield,
 And let the rains and jovial airs prove good
 To the young brood.
 Apollo, placid with thy dart concealed,
 To supplicating youths thine audience yield.
 The maidens hearken, starry Queen, forlorn,
 Of the 'duplicate horn.'
 If Rome be work of thine, if Trojan band
 From Ilion hath held Etruscan land,
 Enjoined by the exchanging hearth and home,
 Secure to roam,
 Whom pure Aeneas, through the flames of Troy,
 Survivor of his country, did convoy
 A grander future to attain at last,
 Than all the past:
 O Deities, to youth grant probity,
 O Deities, to age serenity,
 To Rome possession and posterity,
 And dignity.
 Let him who offers ye white oxen slain,
 The blood of Venus and Anchises' reign
 Supreme o'er warring foe, but shield the blow
 From fallen foe.
 So now by-sea and land the Parthian fears
 The arms of Alba, her ensigne reves,
 Now Scythia suppliant waits our will to find,
 And late proud Ind.
 Now Faith, Peace, Honor, Olden Modesty,
 And Virtue wander with impunity,
 Now Plenty doth appear, and holds upborne
 Her teeming horn.
 The Augur, darling of the muses nine,

Whose bow of beauty glorious doth shine,
Unto our bodies' wearied members dealing.

Gentle healing,

Loves he the altars of the Palatine,
O may he Latium and the Roman line
Forever lengthen to a better age
And heritage.

Who holdeth Algidus and Aventine,
Diana to the Fifteen will incline,
And to the youths who supplicating cry
Her ear apply.

Of Jove and all the gods propitious, bring
I tidings. I, the Chorus, taught to sing
Apollo's glory, and the hymn to raise
To Dian's praise.

H.

THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE EESSAY.

Science: its Nature and Influence.

BY JOHN MILTON HOLMES, CHICAGO, ILL.

It was taught by the ancient philosophers that the human race is continually deteriorating in spirituality and intellect, as well as bodily stature, and therefore was feigned a golden age in an Hesperian realm of old, where beneath the paternal sway of Saturn, beings who were always happy reveled in the immortal fruits of beneficence and virtue. But the great law of history is *progress*; as might indeed have been inferred a priori upon the ground that the life of nations, not less than that of individuals, is directed by an overruling and beneficent Providence. It shall be our aim to show how far the progress of mankind towards the earthly maximum of human happiness has been promoted by Science.

Neither science alone, nor republican institutions alone, nor social reform alone, can make men fully blest; but they can all take an efficient, though subordinate, part in the great scheme by which Christianity is engaged in restoring man to the early glories of his being.

True Science is not mysterious; it is a knowledge of facts—of facts as they exist in the nature of things, or as the relations of causes and effects. We thus obtain the distinction of abstract and physical Science.

A proposition in Euclid is a fact which we cannot conceive of as otherwise. The essential connection between light and healthful vegetation is a fact for which pure reason could not predicate the necessity. The former is an illustration of abstract, the latter of physical, Science. Between these there exists so close an interdependence, that we shall not attempt to separate them as we proceed to consider the direct influence of Science upon the mind.

And first, of the gratification and advantage conferred by a knowledge of *principles*. It is related of the great apostle of modern Science—Lord Bacon—that he once piled up and burned in his court yard a number of treatises concerning gardening and agriculture, exclaiming at the same time—“*These books are without principles.*” The thought that principles lay concealed beneath the old routine of opinion, has been, to many minds, as the voice of our long dead. The soul loves principles independently of any contingent good, just as the sense of taste is gratified by pleasant food, without any thought of the advantages of nourishment. The soul longs for excitement. Empiricism is exceedingly dull. But Science ministers to the desires of the soul. She brings treasure from the great vault of heaven and the bosom of the earth; and from the mind of man, and then exalts all these phenomena into illustrations of unchanging laws.

The *advantage* of Science may be gathered from the consideration that man is placed here in *his* chamber of the universe as the subject of mighty laws, spiritual and temporal, which it is dangerous to neglect and fatal to despise. Here, as in human jurisprudence, the offender is bound to *know* the law. Science interprets these laws and applies them to the emolument of man. Hence the vulgar objection against theories and theorists can have no weight. Every theory is the germ of a practical truth. Every theorist is father of the future inventor. Thus the apparently barren speculations concerning iodine have been of immense advantage in medical and photographic art; and the long known truth of the conducting power of metals has at length given surety to justice and dispatch to business. As a means of mental and manual industry, a knowledge of principles gives us self-confidence, prepares us for all emergencies, and furnishes us with rules for conduct long after mere formulas are forgotten.

Secondly, Science gives us correct habits of thought. The human mind, like the lower animals, is apt to act at the instigation of impulse, rather than listen to the passionless voice of reason. Science is patient. Stone by stone are her deep foundations laid. Step by step does she

mount upward to eternal truth. Consequence from consequence, experiment upon experiment—these are her methods. In the examination of all new speculations, whether religious, philosophical, or industrial, this patience is essential.

Science is thorough. We cannot listen to her teachings as to the fragment of a song. All that follows is connected with all that precedes. We can at once tell if any part has been omitted. We cannot use the *language* of science without understanding the associated ideas. Here at least it is not possible to darken counsel by words without knowledge. We cannot reason from catch words. Before science utters her decisions, the minutest, the remotest, the most varied facts must all be scrutinized like the files of a well ordered army. Thus we learn what real investigation is—what true demonstration is, and are enabled to guard against the most dangerous of errors—self-deception. The *thoroughness* of Science is shown by its mode of operation. Art works by synthesis—Science, on the other hand, by analysis. The poet and painter are content with the mere shows of things. Raphael paints a Madonna from a lovely model, and straightway we are enchanted by the vision. But Science proceeds to investigate the laws of life—to describe the properties and functions of nerve, and bone, and muscle, and to separate even these into their ultimate elements. Thompson depicts the beauties of a park, and collects hill, dale, stream, and tree, into an exquisite poem. But Science digs beneath the surface—discloses the marvels of geology, and stops not until it has described the order of creation and classified the mysterious fossils that for ages had slept in their solemn sepulchres.

Science is honest. She has too keen an appreciation of truth, from her communion with nature and from the inevitable deductions of reason, to utter the ambiguous oracles of Empiricism. All her processes are thrown open to the light, for she wishes them to be known and proved by all men. The sphinx-guarded wisdom of Egypt and the esoteric philosophy of Greece afford us no exception. Although the ancients had considerable command of nature's resources, they had but little knowledge of her laws, and in point of fact ancient science is a misnomer. The truthful character of Science has stamped and will stamp its impress upon the world's destiny, and does much to confer upon her votaries a nobler skill than that of the fairy who spake pearls—the art of speaking the truth.

True Science is *hopeful*. So much has already been accomplished in the twin realms of thought; mind and matter—such a vast territory remains for conquest—that Science is almost ready to join faith and laugh

at impossibilities. The philosopher has seen errors become doubts, and doubts become demonstrations, and demonstrations axioms. He has so often witnessed light out of darkness, and fruitfulness out of sterility, that his heart beats high by the pools of ignorance and iniquity, watching for a descending angel to stir the slumbrous waters.

It is not too much to say that Science is essentially *protestant* in its nature. The foundation of the Romish faith is the doctrine of authority based upon a human infallibility. But the inductive philosophy, on the other hand, demands evidence and demonstration. Against the authority of ages the *Great-heart* of the world's progress rebelled. The Baconian asserts what the Catholic denies—the right of private judgment. And if the mind is so benumbed that in religious matters it is content to take all upon trust, it is evident that it cannot sympathize with that rigid and continual investigation of natural things, which is the great characteristic of modern Science. History corroborates our argument. Science has diminished as the Catholic belief has predominated, from “starry Galileo in his woes,” down to the irrational warfare of the English tractarians against Buckland, Agassiz, and their collaborators.

Thirdly, Science gives us a better knowledge of the Creator. God is one, but his attributes are many. All these attributes are embodied more or less perfectly in the manifestations of nature. In fine, as one of the old philosophers expressed it—“The whole universe is a thought of God.” We know that the intimations of Deity thus gathered, are but as the auroral flash to the effulgence of high noon. But we cannot afford to give up the whole material creation to the deist. For surely God never would have spread before us so rich, so exhaustless a banquet, had the fruit been useless or unwholesome; he never would have enriched his written revelation with such a wealth of imagery, from the ocean and the hills, from the light and the darkness, and all the phenomena of the material world. We shall see hereafter that Science has done much for man's *temporal* needs. But she has done more—a good greater than all she has done or can do, as the heavens are higher than the earth. As from some imperishable monument, buried deep in a pyramid of Cheops or Cephrenis, the skillful pilgrim deciphers the memorials of a well-nigh forgotten civilization, so from the hand-writing upon the walls of space, and from the stone tables hidden in the everlasting mountains, does Science translate the attributes of their Creator. Thus did David and Paul gather new and vivid ideas of the Almighty from the light of nature. And uninspired writers, from Socrates to Paley, have obtained,

from the august glories and minute contrivances of the universe, proofs of an intelligent and eternal designer.

When we approach the most wonderful of the Almighty's attributes—his love—feeble as our conception of it may be without the great central truth of the Bible to exalt it—yet even here, Science, like Paul at Lystra, teaches us that the God of nature has not left himself without a witness, in that he does good, and gives us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. And this adaptation of the natural forces to the wants of man, which the common observer thinks upon as a matter of course, Science knows might be far otherwise, that by a slight alteration in the composition of the atmosphere, all might be reduced to barrenness and death. We should but dimly have seen proofs of love and care for man in the rude ore—in the shapeless stone—the buried coal—the untamed energies of nature—had not Science given a meaning to all these, declaring that in the eye of God, even from the beginning, the rude ore was teeming with all the implements of industry; that in the bosom of the shapeless stone lay hidden temples and palaces; that the coal-bed was pregnant with imprisoned light; that the vanquished elements, even of old, had commandment to give new wings to commerce, and arms that never tired to toil.

Again, Science gives us a new and sublime idea of God's omnipotence. It tells us of a wondrous power which laughs to scorn all human energy; which binds the might of the ocean and the mountain, and leads the planets in their rejoicing race; but which nevertheless stores up the dew-drop for the thirsting bird, and guides the streamlet to the withering grass. What is *Gravitation* but a feeble emblem of God's providence—of that perpetual watchfulness which numbers the hairs of every head, and the dropping sands of every life?

The proofs which Science gives of creative *wisdom* would swell a volume instead of a scanty paragraph. Everywhere we see adequate means applied to given ends, without misapplication or superfluity. We see mighty and manifold laws all executed in perfect harmony, and all the tribes of the animate world adapted to their different methods of existence.

We gather a new and overwhelming view of creative *power* when we consider the vast magnitudes and distances of Astronomy, or the unimaginable ones of Geology. Thus by the instrumentality of Science does the spirit of God again move upon the face of the waters—evoking life and beauty out of darkness and chaos.

Finally, every advance of Science affords us new evidence of the

truthfulness of that wonderful book which was written more than three thousand years ago, by men profoundly ignorant of physical knowledge, simply as an organ of religious truth; but which, nevertheless, gives us delineations of God's creative energy and sustaining laws, to which human research has never been able to offer a successful contradiction.

We come now to consider the influence of Science upon society, through the medium of Invention and Art.

Bodily good, in some shape or other, is the direct and distinctive aim of the Baconian philosophy. The only truly scientific method of investigation is according to the precepts of that philosophy. Art without Science is mere quackery. It is true that in the earliest stages of society Art must have preceded Science. Men were obliged to eat before they thought about scientific cultivation, and to have fires before they investigated the properties of caloric. Without Science the lowest animal necessities might, indeed, be satisfied; but nothing more than these. Civilization demands systematic agriculture, manufactures and commerce. Science has created and developed these, by increasing man's native powers, by producing new powers, and by the division of labor. It has, in fact, given us Political Economy, which, perhaps more than aught else human, has promoted peace and prosperity among men.

Science has tamed for us the beasts of the forest, and changed wild berries into delicious fruits; it has said to famine, "Hitherto shalt thou come; but no further;" it has extirpated virulent diseases, and prolonged the average duration of human life; it has given us boats of iron that will not sink, and palaces of crystal that will not burn; it has spanned continents and removed mountains, and shrunk the ocean to a little stream; it has given us co-workers of a giant's power and an infant's gentleness, which have ploughed and threshed and reaped our fields, like the lubber fiends of Saxon fable, and made the craftsman's hammer mightier than that wielded by Scandinavian Thor; it has made the lightning a swifter servant than the Tartar's horse of brass; it has made the illimitable powers of air and fire and flood more obedient than the enchanted slaves of Prospero, in multiplying human comforts and enjoyments, and in scattering throughout the world the blessings of wealth, prosperity and civilization. Such have been the fruits of Science.

It may be objected that if Science, in the progress of invention, has given us many good things, it has also given us many evil things; that the manufacturing system of England has inflicted misery and premature death upon innocent children; that the invention of the cotton gin

has riveted the chain upon the southern bondman ; that weapons of warfare have been perfected as rapidly as the implements of peace.

It would be easy to show, in answer to this, that the further advance of Science must mitigate the condition of the bondman and the factory child, and banish war from the face of the earth. But it is enough to reflect that evils, far more severe and widespread, than these fell to the doom of bygone ages ; and that if Science carries any evils in her train, she provides also the intelligence which detects and the philanthropy which relieves them.

But wealth and Art are not the sole components of human welfare. Man liveth not by bread alone. The effect of physical improvement has been to elevate the *intellectual* character. In the first place, it has given men opportunities for mental culture which they could not otherwise have enjoyed.

If by some mysterious commandment, Science and all the advantages of Science were banished from our world ; if the sailor, deprived of his quadrant and logarithms, were left bending at his oar ; and the farmer, ignorant of the truths of Chemistry, were left to plough the sand ; if the housewife were left grinding at the mill, and the mechanic to work up forests by his hands alone ; if the laborer were left to bear his own burdens, and tidings could be carried only by the feet of men ; if every human being were thus left with sweating brow and straining eye, with racking nerve and toiling limb, to stern and ceaseless conflict with winter and nakedness and famine ; what opportunity could there be for exaltation above the mere animal necessities of existence ?

It is not until productiveness of labor reaches such a point that it does not require the whole of men's time and toil to provide for their physical wants, that means are afforded for intellectual development. The natural capital thus accumulated and applied to the improvement of the mind, is then reapplied for the supply of physical needs, and thus these two great principles of productiveness and mental development act and react upon each other, and conduce to the rapid advancement of the race.

Physical welfare has tended to improvement in *civil government*. The reverse of this is undoubtedly true ; for all God's servants are good friends, and help one another. But physical amelioration lies at the very foundation of law and order. The savage cares but little for good government, for he has no possessions to lose, and personal wrongs he can redress by the strong hand. But the case is very different when men acquire personal property, when they have lands that may be confiscated, houses that may be pillaged, when they depend for enjoyment

upon all the comforts clustering around the name of *Home*. They then have a strong interest for opposing anarchy or despotism. They will seek for laws which shall protect their own property, and, as a natural consequence, will be led to respect the property of others. It was the invasion of the rights of property by Queen Elizabeth which sowed the first seeds of Puritan resistance. It was an invasion of the rights of property which gave us a republican form of government.

Again; as the Arts advance to their perfection, the respect paid to mere physical power will be diminished. This is a great gain. In ancient times bodily prowess, as manifested upon the battle-field, was thought the noblest attainment of man. And he alone was thought worthy to govern, who could scatter death and terror amid the ranks of opposing warriors, and put to flight gods and heroes with his tempest-nurtured spear. But a few handfuls of gunpowder can now transcend the fabled achievements of Hercules and Ajax. A pint of water and a pound of coals will do the work of a thousand giants. Men begin to see that there is something better than corporeal vigor. They begin to understand the apothegm of Verulam, that "Knowledge is power," the idea of a greater even than Verulam, that "Wisdom is better than strength," and thus will arise the idea of a more beneficent form of government than that which is the reward of mere physical prowess and audacity.

What are the effects of physical improvement upon the *moral* advancement of man? This is a momentous question. That view is infinitely deficient, which sees man only as a creature of earth, and not as an heir of immortality. God has given man a triple nature, as a mysterious emblem of His own. These three are one. The health of the intellect depends upon that of both the others. As Horace Mann remarked in one of his beautiful lectures, "Health is somewhat more than etymologically connected with holiness." If reason had not taught it before, experience has fully shown that little can be done for the moral amelioration of those who are greatly destitute of physical comfort. The French missionaries found it out in Canada, Oberlin found it out in the Bau de la Roche, Mr. Pease found it out in the Five Points' mission.

Again; knowledge is the foundation of true religion. God's service is a *reasonable* service. As in His ancient worship He required the firstling of the fold, and the first fruits of the vineyard—the costliest purple and the rarest stones; so much more does He now require men to serve Him with *all* the mind. Ignorance is the mother of superstition, of falsehood, of bigotry, of persecution, and all uncharitableness; her religion is lip worship and limb worship, chant of psalm and fold of

tunic, but not the homage of the soul. The truly-believing mind learns its relations to its Maker, not by sacerdotal dicta and hereditary descent, but from the oracles of God himself, written ineffaceably upon the holy page and in the living light of the outspread universe, illustrated by all the deductions of reason, by all the teachings of history, by all the achievements of art.

We have hitherto spoken as though the salutary influence of Art had been addressed merely to the physical improvement of man, and have then shown the good effects of this improvement upon his higher nature. But the various Arts do directly tend to refine and exalt, and to promote peace and human brotherhood.

As the works of nature bind the soul to God, so do the works of Art bind man to man. Music is a universal language of earth; and as it cannot, like poetry, be polluted by becoming the vehicle of selfishness or impurity, it is also the language of heaven. This heaven-born agent is the mother of love, of devotion and rejoicing; it knits together the hearts of the household band; recalls into existence buried youth and forgotten friendship, even as a low sung strain of the *Rois des Vaches* carries back the tearful Switzer to his Alpine fatherland.

Painting, too, does a good work. The simple portraits of Washington, which overhang so many American firesides, are the ancilla of liberty. The invention of the Daguerreotype, alone, is a surety that generous affections shall not be dried up in men's hearts. It has multiplied, and will multiply those manly and refining tears which Cowper shed upon his mother's picture. And then, the art of Architecture! How it concentrates the sympathy of nations! How it fosters that love for the past and the distant, which exalts manhood above brutality! How much did St. Peter's Church accomplish for England in the days of the pilgrimages! How much does Westminster Abbey link our hearts and draw our pilgrim feet to England? And those stupendous structures, which mediæval Germany piled up to God, have honored him by attracting thoughts of world-wide brotherhood for the race of which it stands a representation, even more than by the sacrificial wealth of genius, the ineffaceable beauty, the imperishable strength.

If such are the fruits of the Fine Arts, what shall we say of those whose primary aim it is to facilitate human intercourse by improvements in locomotion and correspondence? Nothing is so effectual as personal contact in removing antipathy and prejudice. Without travel, one would hardly be aware how many good men may be found outside of the creed in which he was baptized, and outside of the country in

which he was born. Even so are *national* prejudices modified. It begins to be discovered that the English are not all tyrants, that the Americans are not all negroes, that the French are not all harlequins, that the Russians are not all centaurs. Friends, and families too, scatter among different countries, in pursuit of subsistence; and thus every emigrant and every immigrant becomes a hostage of peace.

Heretofore the great part of human energy has been expended in war and destruction—but now that the nations are performing all the good offices of civilization—breaking down the barriers of exclusive legislation—exchanging the fruits of the earth and the fabrics of the loom—revering each others' worthies—translating each others' books—copying each others' inventions—treading each others' libraries and galleries—kneeling by the shrines of each others' glory, and sitting in amity by each others' firesides, there is dawn upon the world's horizon, despite the *thunder in the East*.

There is a glimmering prospect of that happy era foretold and sung by seer and bard, "When the drum shall beat no longer, and the battle-flag be furled in the parliament of man—the federation of the world."

Thus shall Science, concentrating and consolidating every human element of progress, guide an obedient world to the throne of the Creator, to receive that fruition of glory and rejoicing which shall be coeval with the life of the soul.

The Three Advertisements.

By F. F.

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late,'
The lark-spur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

TENNYSON.

CRUMER ended his narrative calmly, and in a tone of quiet tenderness that made the eyes of his old classmates glisten with sympathy. Blynn was silent, but Brotherby, after a slight pause, replied with much

emotion, and went on in his turn. "Happy! Ah, Tom, my jewel, they say rightly who declare that you deserve to be happy. The world feels obliged to him who has had the good fortune and cleverness to vary the poor, stale story of common courtship, as you and Philo have done. Your words are sweet to my soul, brother Tom; pleasant as a Crusade song to some old palmer crippled in the holy wars. Wait a little, and let me remember. You have beguiled me, Tom, and I have lost my clue. Forty-eight years! That strange and dimly-visible yesterday, in whose morning we three began to love each other so well. I have it now. The thread of one more bright legend runs twinkling down through those multiplied summers and winters like a silver stream. I must follow it, as I promised you, and conclude these novel biographies with my own.

'Twas a long time, you know, before I could bring myself to share your sport. I had not the mercurial fancy which was common to both of you, and was always, as far as concerned the ladies, the shyest man of the trio. Your persuasions, however, and the unquestionable testimony of those attractive daguerreotypes, induced me at last to cultivate my epistolary style. I followed your example, and determined to mingle my favorite mathematics and logic with the politer pleasures of female conversation. I advertised in the same paper with you, and about a year later, but, with a precaution which led you to complement me for shrewdness, I selected the semi-weekly issue, and sent my notice to all the rural villages in the extreme corners of the land. My respondents were few, as I had anticipated, but I was repaid for my manner of procedure, by finding the few well worth my while. I vacillated for some time between two of so nearly equal appearance and pretension, that it required all my acumen to arrive within guessing distance of their relative merits. They called themselves respectively 'Cora' and 'Minnie.' Minnie was a warm-hearted, sunny-tempered young Western beauty. Cora was a daughter of the North—sprightly and amiable, and wrote cleverly enough for an authoress. Upon her I fixed at last, and soon began to find delight in her regular and beautiful replies. An exchange of daguerreotypes was proposed, but she informed me that there was no artist within convenient distance of her native place, and I must wait till the course of events afforded her an opportunity to sit for her picture. The mystery of mutual disguise seemed to please her; so we agreed for a time to remain in ignorance of each others' looks and names. The correspondence grew interesting to us, and we told each other a great many secrets.

Love, however, became a delicate subject, and we never mentioned it except in careful periphrases, and third-person-plurals. Yet one thing was certain, 'Cora' and 'Arthur' were *friends*—friends they knew not why—friends they thought not how; and the little keepsakes she sent me, and the kind wishes she uttered for me, and the ardent 'God-speeds' with which she cheered me had a charm in them that made the last year of my college life a constant summer.

Nobody knew how many of my literary performances during that period were spiced with the native dainties of 'Cedar Glen.' Cora, who dated from a Seminary in that locality, would frequently furnish me with some pretty gem of her own, which, with a little management, I could bring into play remarkably well.

I remember, once, reading a metaphysical essay on the 'Ministry of the Unknown.' 'When our souls,' said I, in one place, 'are compelled to *trust* because they cannot *know*, they open to the fact of their immortality with cheerful eagerness, and fling themselves back in the calm persuasion of a better existence, that shall at last solve the great riddle of human hope. While faith is our only happiness in weakness and ignorance, it is no less the teacher of power and wisdom, for it is the foundation of that *worship* which alone keeps the mind docile, at the same time that it expands and ennobles it. Faith, as our souls enlarge, becomes to us a prophecy. In the apt language of *Miss Hannah More*, (and here I threw in one of Cora's fragments,)

'The inward sibyl, with the sleepless eye,
Hallows our fancies and refines our sight,
Till forward through the Infinite Unknown,
In nobler thought we chase the heavenly forms
Portrayed by sacred scribes with mystic term
And shadowy intimation, and the voice
Of the Apocalyptic angel, like
The tidings-whispers of a message-bird,
Calls from the gates of Eden, 'Come and see.'

I repeated this in a confident tone, and the sentiment was received with enthusiasm.

For about a year I carried on this pleasant literary barter with my correspondent of Cedar Glen, she furnishing me from time to time with such articles as I could easily turn to account, and I in turn rewarding her with short pieces of my own composition, to be inserted in her weekly exercises, her album, or the pages of a small Seminary periodical, of which, owing to her ready writing, she had been chosen Editress.

Thus matters stood when College Commencement, the last occasion on which I was to participate as a student in Academical exercises, came on. You had shown me Ellie sometime previously, Blynn, as I passed through Woodfield with you, and I was so stimulated by the sight of your beautiful treasure, that I almost determined to send my true name to Cora immediately, solicit hers, and make an appointment to visit Cedar Glen as soon as Commencement should be over. I had vowed once that I would not be the first to ask a mutual revelation, but the thought of your happiness, Philo, and the conviction that I was losing much by delay, quickened my impatience to an intolerable pitch, and I sat down to write my fair friend a letter. Before I finished it, however, I so far modified my determination as to withhold my name, and only requested that she would favor me with some clue to her real address, and allow me to call upon her after my graduation.

During the public exercises of Commencement day, I came very near betraying myself in spite of all my caution. In my oration which I prepared for that occasion I had somehow or other interwoven a short passage or two, which I liked particularly well, from the identical pieces that had been sent up to Cedar Glen, and published in Cora's paper. It happened that Jenkins, a sub-freshman, from this same Glen Seminary, and an acquaintance of this very girl, who had heard the piece read, and, of course, could not but recognize the passages in question, was present in the audience when I delivered my speech. This unlucky hap was likely to have spread the name of Niles Brotherby in a quarter where that individual, for reasons best known to himself, preferred not just then to be known. Contrary to probability and the general course of things, Jenkins went home and related to Cora the fact of the coincidence of the passages above mentioned, but *kept the speaker's name to himself!* She begged him to point out on the programme the person whom he had thus partially identified as her correspondent, but the fellow would reveal nothing, except on condition of her showing him all the letters I had ever written her! Cora resented this, and away went Jenkins chuckling over the secret which he meant to make so much capital out of.

My young incognita wrote me her direction, and urged me to make my proposed visit as soon as I could. I was to stop at a small village on the shore of Sebago Pond, about forty miles from the foot of Mt. Washington, and inquire for Dr. James McKenzie. It was at his residence, she said, that she intended to spend her vacation. It was further

agreed that on my arrival I should notify her by a certain specified message, whereupon she would send me her card, and set a time for me to call upon her. I went to New Hampshire in August, and, journeying eastwardly, sought out the village on the Sebago. A party accompanied me, destined for the White Mountains, who consented to linger in the vicinity for the sake of the scenery and the excitement of boating, while I accomplished my visit, after which I was to join them and travel towards the North, up the Saco river, hunting and fishing on the way.

On inquiry I soon found the house of Dr. McKenzie, and directed a note to his care, as I had been told to do. I waited long and uneasily for the promised response, but none found its way to my lodgings. I did not know what to make of the mystery, but concluded that there must be some miscarriage or mistake. Morning and evening I walked past McKenzie's dwelling, for three days, but saw no indication whatever of the expected lady visitor. Then a sort of nervous delicacy came over me, and, plagued half to death with very uncharitable doubts, I quitted the village, and sought my companions, trying my uttermost to forget that I ever did so foolish a thing as to advertise for a wife, and attempt to follow up a masked correspondence. I began to take the matter seriously. Second thought made me view it more reasonably, to be sure; but on the whole I concluded not to say any more to Cora, unless she wrote to me for an explanation. (The truth of the case was, as I afterwards knew, that the noble girl was *sick*, and could not meet me. She was as much disappointed as myself.)

Three weeks from that time I might have been seen wending my way back to Massachusetts, with indefinite quantities of fox hides and pheasant plumes, and a pair of moose antlers stowed away in my traveling valise, the trophies of a triumphant hunt. Thus ended my trip to the White Mountains.

Pass now over the space of just one year, and allow me to introduce myself to you as a Southern Tutor.

It was near sunset in one of the most lovely Alabamian valleys. The wind was as sweet as a Molucca gale, and the gardens there blossomed like a Persian Paradise. In the portico of a planter's mansion that stood in the midst of the most luxuriant of these gardens I sat puffing a hookah, in the approved Turkish fashion, and reading the last chapter of 'Paul Plimpton.' This was the title of a popular tale just published complete, (having been previously printed without a signature in several successive numbers of the National Era.) Certain peculiarities in the

plot led me to take an uncommon interest in the story, and I was beginning to murmur a wish, as I finished the *denouement*, that I might find out the writer, when the eldest daughter of my host, a well-educated young lady of eighteen, came out of the house with a newspaper in her hand. 'Mr. Brotherby,' said she, 'have you seen the last notice of Paul Plimpton? Here is quite a lengthy review of it, and more than that, it is stated that its author has been found.'

'Read the article, my dear,' said I; 'I have not seen it.' She did as I requested, and I learned that the novel which had interested me so much was attributed to a young attorney of Frankfort, Kentucky. The writer proceeded briefly to sketch the plan of the book, and applauded its author with the warmest expression of admiration. But I was so vexed to hear the whole turn out contrary to what I had dreamed, that I listened to but little more than the first half of the article, and when my fair reader had done, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'I hope it is a mistake. I had made up my mind that Paul Plimpton was the work of a female hand.'

'I should have guessed the same,' replied the young lady; 'and the matter and manner are all Northern, every whit. Who could imagine that romance to be written by a Frankfort lawyer?'

'Not I,' I said; 'let me see who are the publishers. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.' I should suppose then—but I will not conjecture. It is enough to say that I am incredulous.'

It was October, and I was in the city of Mobile. I saw at the Hotel where I lodged a Northern lady, whose appearance interested me greatly, and I determined to make her acquaintance at the first opportunity. Her father was with her, and as soon as he learned that I was a New Englander, he greeted me as cordially as if I had been an old friend. I was soon introduced to Miss Kate Lincoln, and from that moment began to pay her my politest attentions. For whole months we were almost constantly together, and before we parted, we had so far become possessed of each other's confidence that we scarcely thought a secret worth keeping which was not mutual between us. My correspondence with Cora was about the only thing I did not tell her.

The evening before we were to separate she whispered in my ear a piece of information which totally changed my opinion of her, and redoubled my interest in her history. 'You may start,' said she, 'when I tell you how much my delicacy has made me content to suffer from the

misapplied praise of a heedless and hood-winked public. *I am the authoress of Paul Plimpton!*

* * * * *

Three years have passed since my return from the South, and the sun of a Winter morning shines into the windows of an extensive Law Office, in a city of the Old Bay State. The distinguished master of the establishment enters and walks to his desk. Laying down a bundle of papers, he pulls off his fur coat, and with a patronizing air, says: "Brotheby, do you want a case?" "Certainly, sir; what is it?" "An action for the recovery of estate. The parties are Miss Catharine Corinna Lincoln, and old Levi Perkins, a griping, miserly, mean, starveling-souled, vulgar fraction of a man, whose numerator bears so small a portion to his denominator, that respectable citizens have long since kicked him out of their reckoning, vowing that his sneaking individuality is too paltry to cast even the penumbra of a shadow, and wishing him as far below terra firma as he is below human average. A brother of this Perkins had dealings some years ago with Miss Lincoln's father, and, becoming involved, in the course of time, deeded to Lincoln a valuable farm of 500 acres, including a rich quarry of white marble. On his decease, which happened shortly after, his effects came into the hands of Levi, and the old niggard has been coveting back that property ever since. Last Fall, Mr. Lincoln died and left all his possessions to his daughter. By smelling about the premises and bribing spies, when the estate was being settled, Perkins has succeeded, it seems, in finding a flaw in his brother's deed, and has instituted a suit against Catharine, to wrest the farm away from her. There is considerable mystery about the old fellow's under-handed work yet to be unraveled, and I imagine many curious developments will be made in the difficulty of identifying papers. The case is a capital one to try your powers of stratagem upon, and call your legal arithmetic into exercise, and if you would like, I will put you in the way of it at once."

I had finished my legal studies when this conversation took place, and was employed as a clerk in the Office of Judge S——. When he offered me this case, I was wholly inexperienced, having never managed an action at law as senior counsel, in my life, but I was encouraged by his confidence in me, and made up my mind to *begin*. There was something moreover in the *defendant's name*, which induced me to undertake the task with more readiness than I might otherwise have done.

I set myself to work immediately; visited the town where the parties

lived, and started a series of systematic investigations into the character of Perkins, the history of his proceedings and all the suspicious circumstances connected with his pretended discovery of the flaw in the contested deed. I then called on my client, and to my astonishment found her to be the same with the Kate Lincoln of Mobile! my amiable friend and admired authoress! I confess I had half mistrusted this before, but I dared not hope it could be true. You may judge how much the unexpected coincidence of circumstances tended to enhance the interest of this our second meeting.

I soon learned from Catharine's own lips the true state of things, and proceeded without delay to improve upon the hints which her version of the case suggested to me. She claimed that the deed in her possession was *not* the deed received by her father from Perkins' brother, but a counterfeit substituted by some trick of light-fingered knavery, at the time the estate was settled. I examined the deed and saw that there was a flaw in it. Comparing her testimony with the suspicions which I had gathered about the neighborhood, I thought I discovered a clue which would lead me to a triumphant solution of the whole difficulty. Still there was need of all my vigilance and energy, to follow out what I had begun. After incredible toil, and repeated disappointments, I succeeded in finding the two witnesses who had signed the deed of Perkins' brother, and securing their appearance at the approaching trial. Meanwhile I had agents at work upon old Levi. One of them by a course of skillful engineering, which would be too long to tell, succeeded in winning upon the confidence of the greyheaded felon, until he actually intrusted to him the whole secret of his villainy, and showed him the *identical deed*, which he had surreptitiously taken from among Lincoln's papers.

The old miscreant thought he had found another accomplice, and my agent did not deem it best to be in any hurry about undeceiving him. I had no doubt, but that I should now be able to get the genuine deed into my hands, and you may be sure the eyes of my fair client glistened when I acquainted her with the prospect of affairs. The case was a clear one.

In a few weeks more, the trial came on. The witnesses were all present, and underwent a severe examination. The counterfeit deed was brought on, and riddled through and through. Perkins' array of testimony was formidable and the defendant's cause looked sufficiently unpromising. The counsel for the plaintiff arose and made his speech. While he was thus engaged, the somewhat odd intelligence was whispered in my ear that this honorable individual was formerly of Frankfort, Ken-

tucky, and was no other than the dishonest scoundrel who had suffered himself to be puffed in the public prints, as the author of "Paul Plimpton." I assured myself that the information was correct, recalled the circumstances, and remembered the name, but said nothing. My turn came to speak in defense. I went through the evidence against the authenticity of the deed in court, and then touched upon the character of the prosecutor and his witnesses. I had so much truth on my side, that the whole house heard me with applause, and murmured an amen to every word I said. Perkins and his gang were in very bad odor when I got through with them. At last, I alluded to my antagonist at the bar—ran back to the history of "Paul Plimpton," and the meanness of the man who had stolen a title to fame; by its popularity, and, pointing my finger at the cringing attorney, shouted, "Gentlemen of the jury, *this is he!*" Then extending my hand toward Kate Lincoln, I bade him gaze upon the *real* authoress, and confront, if he dared, the patient genius whose laurels he had worn with so ill a grace. The effect was electric. The whole court-room stormed with shouts for my client, and hisses for the confounded attorney. During the confusion, a man came crowding into the tribunal and hurrying up to the bar, threw down a paper on the table before me. When quiet had been in some measure restored, I proceeded to close my plea.

"May it please the Court," said I, "and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, the claim of my client has to my mind, been already established. The testimony with which *she* appears, unlike that of the other part concerned, *cannot* be called in question. The prosecutor's counsel has scouted our title to justice because we failed to show the *fate* of what we hold to be the genuine deed. It might be better could we prove to you what became of it—and if it is necessary, gentlemen, we *can*. The genuine deed *is here!*" As I said this, I held up before the court the important paper which my agent had so opportunely brought, calling at the same time upon the two witnesses who had signed it, to attest its identity. There was no need to say any more. Kate Lincoln's cause was won.

Some days after this exciting trial, I was with my friend, Catharine, examining some of her papers. Among them I caught sight of a letter directed in my own hand-writing! I tore it open in spite of her attempts to detain me, and read the signature, "Arthur Gibson." Seizing a pen from the inkstand, I deliberately copied the name in the identical hand, and wrote the name "Cora Hosmer" beside it. She started. Kate Lincoln was the "Cora" of my correspondence.

Where is she now, my dear old class-mates! Do not wonder if a streak of tenderness comes over me as I finish this story of mine. In that parlor she sits in her easy chair, the hale and *cheerful mistress of my mansion!*

Reader, I heard no more. I saw no more. The balcony and garden with the three story-telling friends, all vanished away, and the calm breeze, and the moon-light, and the Summer stars of 1903 passed on.

I have dreamed. So have many. But my heart tells me it is not weakness, and

"If thus I love (O blame me not) to peer
Down the long Future, picturing many a year,
Yet Hope permits a half-assuring ray,
To promise dawning to that wished-for day;
When vain Romance, no more with fabling tongue
Can claim the dreamy tale I now have sung,
But God shall prove how much my vision means,
By *living* issues and by *real* scenes."

The Future Land.

O YOUTH! O Hope! beyond the narrow Present,
There lies a land of limitless delight;
Wherein rise castles dreamy, evanescent,
Adorned with radiance rare and splendor bright.

There gather we the choicest of our treasures,
The kindred spirits whom our hearts hold dear;
There life flows on with deeper, purer pleasures,
And nobler joys crown each successive year.

The sages say, that, like a desert vision
Which mocks the faint and thirsty pilgrim's gaze,
These dreams of youth, these hopes of sweet Elysium,
Will vanish as we near the Future days.

Let this be so: let life be disenchanted
When time and tears shall dim our hopeful eyes,
Yet still the heart, with care and sorrow haunted,
Looks to the Future for its Paradise.

The Comus of Milton.

THE dramatist, who has a true conception of his art, gives the whole force of his genius to the delineation of character. He pictures it to us, in its lighter and more solid phases, as it really exists among men. When its formation is due to rank or education, he creates the refined Portia and Bassanio or the slavish Caliban, with his companions, the jester and the butler; if it be the result of a peculiar temperament, we are introduced to Falstaff, whose jollity and boastfulness are only equalled by his cowardice, or made to see, in the person of morose Shylock, a narrow mind, which dotes on money, and a vicious heart which longs for revenge. But these peculiarities proceed from light causes, and lie on the surface of character. Their exhibition, however truthful it may be, shows us only so much of man as is visible to outward view, and calls up only so much of our experience as we have gained by observation. The deeper and more solid elements of character, have their birthplace in the soul. So far are they from being what station and animal temper alone would make them, that these are either their feeble exponents, or the cloaks which conceal their true significance. Looking beyond the mere outside, we find that they must be attributed to the action of principles and impressions upon the spiritual man. It therefore falls within the province of the dramatist, to lay bare the machinery of internal being. He becomes an interpreter of the inmost thoughts and holds a mirror before the most secret workings of the human breast. While he furnishes us with vivid pictures of what we have seen with our eyes, by penetrating into the hidden mysteries of our nature, he also reminds of what we have felt in our hearts. He describes emotions, which, when we experience them, we can neither understand nor define. Fleeting ideas, which we are not only unable to express, but even to detain for a moment, he embodies in language and presents to us as a permanent possession. And in thus giving us a momentary glimpse at ourselves it is true that he gains an important triumph. But there is a nobler view of inferior life which still remains.

Whenever a principle takes up its abode in the soul, it moulds the whole man after its own fashion. Although its effects do not appear at once, it is nevertheless sure to produce a change. It expands so slowly that we do not perceive its influence, and yet so powerfully, that in the end it rears a character either symmetrical or deformed. To trace the

progress of such principles—to show how, as it quietly unfolds itself, it uproots old notions and transforms the entire being—is indeed the proudest work of the dramatic art. Internal development, however, is of two kinds. It may consist in the gradual hardening of the feelings when acted upon by bad motives or their gradual refinement, when under the influence of ennobling sentiments. The former the dramatist is much abler to exhibit than the latter. For the rules of his art demand unity and completeness. There must be in what he portrays a beginning, a middle, and an end. To represent successfully the growth of a great energy within, he must paint not only its appearance and its effects, but its first introduction into the soul. Herein resides the power, which he has, of following a great crime “from its first suggestion to its last earthly consequence.” As soon as the intention to commit it is formed, the turning point of life has arrived. The spirit deserts its wonted channel, and steers out into a new course. A sin of such enormous magnitude, rising before its eye, and casting a shadow over the moral being, draws from past innocence a dying shriek. The sweet reflections, which the mind formerly enjoyed, because all guilt was absent from it, are in a moment wrested away. Whatever is good is driven from the domain of the heart by the approach of an insidious foe. This innovation in the bosom of man, like those in the society around him, gives rise to a terrible convulsion. So violent is the inward disturbance, that the origin of those effects, which flow from old purposes dislodged and new introduced, is clearly perceived. The dramatist does not grope in the dark, but can see the crime, whose history he writes, at its very birth. The manifestations, too, by which its progress is attended, are forcible and even startling. Fear, hesitation, remorse, horror of imagination, inconsistency of conduct are all its visible and tangible results. These he can grasp and with great faithfulness embody in dramatic shape. But the softening of a nature, from the time when pure principles were first instilled into it, to the time when they have carried it almost to a state of perfection, is a process more subtle and less easily pictured by acts and scenes. The original influences which contribute to the formation of virtue are many and various. Early training and early association, the tender warnings of the mother, the lesson of some example, the potency of some careless suggestion—all these are at the source of the virtuous character. To combine them into one grand cause and make them the origin of future moral beauty, does not come within the scope of the drama, but rather befits that touching poesy, which appeals with such force to our sensibilities. The

development, moreover, of the gentler qualities is as uniform as their beginning is obscure. They present nothing striking, but take possession of the soul silently and secretly. Passive is their action—im-perceptible and monotonous are their usurpations.

By these facts, we can explain the simplicity which is so apparent in the plot of Milton's *Comus*. There is nothing with which it contrasts more strongly than the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare. The latter traces the progress of crime from the moment when it is first conceived, to that in which it does its deadliest work. As the play lengthens, the "purturbation in nature" becomes more awful. Each separate act brings to light a new feature—each scene, too, is a step farther in the march towards a final issue. Hence from the very nature of the subject there arises extent and variety of action. *Comus*, on the other hand, is something essentially different. It deals with an element of character, whose peculiarities are not so strongly marked and whose birth is not so accurately known, as to allow of its being represented in theatrical dialogue. The author celebrates in it, the triumph of Virtue. But instead of illustrating the successive stages of her growth, as a motive power in the heart, he makes her, while in the full maturity of her strength, victorious over an enemy. In *Macbeth* everything is motion and development—great causes work out great effects—bad principles form, ripen and explode. In *Comus* is displayed the beauty of a character, which already exists, full-grown and blossoming. In the one you behold the restlessness of that which is continually going forward, in the other the majesty of that which stands forever firm. Considered, therefore, in reference to the plot, this play of Milton can neither be intricate nor extended. He exhibits the attributes of Virtue, by placing a young lady, who is the embodiment of them all, in a contest. And when such a species of action, which is more fitly described in an epic poem, appears in dramatic form, it must necessarily be characterized by simplicity. Its use, however, for setting forth a quality, so as to show its greatness, accords well with sound philosophy. Moral excellence, to be sure, so long as it continues to adorn the individual, and make society the abode of happiness, cannot fail to be admired. But emergencies force it to a test, call out its energies and unveil its true grandeur.

Christianity, though always lovely, never shines so brightly, as when battling with persecution. The martyrdom which the religious man suffers, without ever changing or adding to his faith, proclaims its latent vigor so that the world gains a nobler conception of it. Nor is valor; the glory of ancient warriors, known to exist in a remarkable degree,

unless a battle or some lesser struggle demand its exercise. In accordance with the same truth, the combat in *Comus* reveals the power and courage of chastity. To exalt the lady, whom this virtue beautifies, is the dramatic aim and unity of the play. She is the prominent figure, and in her all the interest centers. First, for *her* safety the spirit of the upper air, "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star," "shoots from heaven;" next, to cheat *her* eye the god of Bacchanalian revels hurls "into the spongy air" his "dazzling spell;" then, over *her* loss the brothers mourn, and prompted by love to her, use the means which a gentle shepherd suggests; last of all, through sympathy with her affliction, Sabrina, "goddess of the silver lake," leaves her watery home, and with "chaste palms, moist and cold," looses the hold

"Of the unblest inchanter vile."

The order in which these different parts succeed each other, is extremely natural. A spirit opens the play with a soliloquy, and it is with great propriety that he is presented to us first. As the guardian genius of the place, he sees at a glance whatever is going on. At the very entrance of the lady into the wood, he knows the dangers to which she will be exposed. And like a watchman on the walls of a besieged city, who, at the approach of a foe, sounds the alarm, that the troops within may prepare to defend themselves, he arouses us to the anticipation of a base deed. He tells us how revelers will attempt to disfigure what is fair. As those troops, surprised and awakened, seize their arms, and go to meet the enemy, so we, full of admiration for the heroine and of prejudice against her adversary, look around at once for deformed monsters. Hence the next division, flowing naturally out of the first, transports us into a midnight frolic of a lower order of gods. After the pure maiden has come into the power of their leader, the interest deepens. In the guise of a shepherd, and with a promise to conduct her safely through the shady grove, he disappears in her company. Becoming, on this account, alarmed for the welfare of the being whom we have already learned to love, we next expect to find some way of help—some source of assistance. We are accordingly allowed to catch a glimpse at her brothers, and to behold evidences of their love and sorrow. They continue mutually to alleviate their fears, by offering suggestions and encouragement, until a supernatural agent, approaching under the garb of *Thyrsis*, substitutes for conjecture a regularly formed plan, and for powerless threats, earnest action. By this episode, as it were,—this turning aside to search for some effort at rescue, our minds

are partially relieved of their anxiety. The treachery of Comus, which is now brought to view, they have become fully prepared to witness. While by his wily talk and still more wily enchantments, he seeks to secure his victim, we are ever watching for the arrival of Thyrsis, and the brothers. These defeat his purposes, release, by the aid of Sabrina's remedies, the spell-bound lady; and restore her to her Father's Palace. Thus all the portions of the play, considered merely with reference to their connection, succeed each other in an order perfectly accordant with nature. Each following one is a natural and expected sequence of the preceding.

In the arrangement of the different parts, there is also manifested an ingenuity, which is preëminently deserving of notice. The opening speech is an instance of it. The spirit who utters it, constantly hovers in the air. As the innocent journey through the dark forest, where the greater part of the action is laid, it is his office to protect them. The lady, upon entering, engages his attention, and enlists his sympathies. He forms, without hesitation, the design of securing her a safe passage. Simultaneously with his coming to this determination there crowd through his mind, in the twinkling of an eye, his own duty, as the presiding genius, the whole history of Comus and his object in living in the wood, and also the peculiar relations and destination of the lady. We do wrong in considering the soliloquy, in which all this is embodied, a mere narration. It is only when we conceive of it, as flashing through the brain of the spirit, in less time than the lightening comes and goes, that we can see the appropriateness of its place and of the matter which it contains. Viewed in this light, its clumsiness vanishes out of sight. Looking upon it at this angle, we are willing to acknowledge that Milton has communicated to the reader, in the right way, a degree of information, which it was necessary for him to have, in order to obtain a satisfactory insight into the drama. Perhaps, also, it was his aim by this means, to place in a more striking light, the little mythology which he has himself originated.

Again, we learn from what the spirit says in the beginning, that at some future time, he will figure in the action. Here, also, there is an ingenuity evinced. For his disappearance, with the intention of rendering assistance, excites the curiosity. We long to know how he will accomplish his end. But by keeping him out of view until near the close of the play, the author keeps up the interest throughout. It is as though a novel was perused. We look forward to the revelation of something, yet unknown, as in *Macbeth*, we wonder from first almost to

last, how the trees of Dunsidane Forest can move, or how it can be true that Mac Duff is not born of woman. That, too, is a very ingenious expedient, by which, in one place, a lyrical song is introduced. It is put into the mouth of the lady, that her notes, echoing afar off, may announce to her brothers where she is. And then with what propriety Comus utters a eulogy on her music! As soon as she finishes her song, nothing is more natural than that she should pause and listen for a response. During this interval, he expresses his admiration of her voice. What he says, however, must be regarded only as a reflection, which passes through his mind, while he lies concealed among the shrubs, with all the rapidity of thought.

Scattered through the poem are many beautiful sentiments. Though rarely sublime, they are yet all characterized by tenderness and sensibility. One in particular attracts our notice. The idea, which is hinted at in the Scriptures, that angels attend upon the pious, and watch over all their actions, is very strikingly suggested to us, when we see two superhuman beings, the attendant spirit and Sabrina, in the service of Virtue. But the characters have not the variety and novelty, the activity and individuality, which always constitute the chief excellence of dramatic productions. The whole play is so arranged as to aggrandize the heroine. Even the monster, who seeks her ruin, is made to acknowledge her purity, and to marvel at the courage of one so delicate as she. Unlike Shakspeare's principal figures, whose words and actions all go to illustrate some peculiar style of man—some one phase of the inward life—she does nothing to individualize herself. She is superior to the other actors, because their deeds and thoughts contribute to her exaltation. Still there are a few instances, where the characters appear in some manner true to themselves. The younger brother is quick and impulsive, the older, more grave and serious. In the lady, too, we occasionally see the playfulness of a sweet temper. The confidence and lack of suspicion, so much admired in a guileless maiden, we cannot fail to observe in her manner of committing herself to the care of Comus. From his talk, and that of Thyrsis, as well as from various allusions to the occupations of shepherds, we catch bright glimpses of pastoral life. Satisfactory, indeed, is the sight we sometimes get of "flocks in their wattled coats," or the sound we ever and anon hear of "reed with oaken stops."

But to appreciate rightly Milton's Comus, we must look upon it as a transcript of nature, rather as an analysis of the soul. Nature has not in all literature, a more faithful likeness of herself than this. Her inscription is not only apparent in its descriptions, but also in the words

which express them. The language, always sublime and perspicuous, is, in one place, so peculiarly expressive of the thought, that it seems to have the power of life and action. The dance of the monsters opens with a lyrical song, the first eight or nine lines of which it is almost impossible to read rapidly. Imitating, as they do, the hesitation of Comus, when he first comes upon the ground, they advance with a slow and halting movement. They give us the notion that, before he enters into the revel, as if to be sure that no one is present—as if he doubts the evidence of his senses which tell him that the sun has gone down and the stars are shining—he pauses and examines cautiously about him. Satisfied at length that all intruders are absent, he begins the dance. Then the syllables move with a quicker pace,

“Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight shout and Revelry,
Tipsey Dance and Jollity.”

After all, Comus is not a drama. Its stateliness does not allow us to call it so. It is a series of little discourses, full of beauty and full of thought, which are only put in the form of dialogue, that they may have some connecting link.

B. D. M.

Memorabilia Valensia.

THE Berkeley Premiums for Latin Composition in the different Classes, have been awarded as follows:

<i>Class of 1856.</i>		
W. A. BUSHEE, L. R. PACKARD,	P. W. CALKINS, E. A. SMITH, T. K. WILCOX.	W. H. W. CAMPBELL, E. A. WALKER,

<i>Class of 1857.</i>		
J. C. DAY, J. C. JACKSON,	G. S. GRAY, G. A. MUELLER, N. A. WELLS.	L. HOLBROOK, W. SMITH,

<i>Class of 1858.</i>		
R. O. DWIGHT, D. A. MILES,	J. W. GIBBS, A. N. HOLLISTER,	G. B. McLELLAN, W. S. PITKIN.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTION OF MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

Class of 1857.

1st Prize—O. F. AVERY, G. A. NOLEN.
2d Prize—J. T. LOVEWELL, W. SMITH.
3d Prize—G. S. GRAY.



THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1855. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a Volume, payable on the delivery of the First number. Single numbers, 25 cents each: for sale by T. H. Pease, No. 83 Chapel-st.

Back numbers of the Magazine can be obtained at the College Library.

Communications or remittances may be addressed, through the Post Office, to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.